THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE OLD MAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Deal gently with him—he is very old,
And sorrowful's mostly frosts and mighty cold.
Are bowed and weakened, life's red tide is cold,
His ears are heavy, and his eyes are blind.

His withered hand shakes as he looks it forth
For some young child to lead him, and his feet
Through like a cotterpick's once so powerful each,
Now scarce an be rotters from his seat.

He has weak old ears. Despise him not,
Nor answer harshly to his peevish tone:
For sensitive and weary is he not,
Like an old mountain pine, storm-wrecked and lone.

No smiling hope forlods his soul to nurture
Above its broken joys, and as' again
On the dear regrets of the past nature
To hold their ashes in the ruined fane.

The temple of the idols of his youth
Is desolate—and on its dusty floor
Calm Memory stirreth—lonely in her truth,
And chanteth legends of the days of yore.

He listeneth to her, in the sunny nook,
His head bent forward, with its long white hair,
Like a vane lily listening to a brook
That sings some stories to a pensive air.

The days of childhood pass before him now,
With many a group of laughter-loving boys,
Each with his merry form, his sunny brow,
His merry mischief, and his boisterous joys.

Then comes the maiden of manhood's early dawn—
With love's red rose twined in auburn or in brown,
The poet's heart, and the orchestra's harp,
The soldier's glory—the good man's renown.

His home of love appears a paradise,
Peopled with angels and young cherubim,
Who kneeled hourly, and in secret hopes and joys
In rosy garlands of delight—for him.

Where are the treasures of his young heart now?
Oh, time! oh, death! oh, change! oh, iron decay!
How have ye wrung his heart, and withered his brow,
And wrenched all life's precious things away!

Let his lives rest—for darkness and for night
He looks on scenes of strife, and his eyes
Are wet with tears, and his heart is sad with fear,
With hope in the immortal world above.

Where dust and sorrow never dare to breathe farewell,
The ground is all wholesome, pure and light!
A weary pilgrim is the poor old man,
Let all that now is done of love and light,
And bend with reverence, for God created him!

Deal gently with him, then,—and oh! forbear
To grow impatient at his peevish moan,
For, friend, the end of Life shall come to you,
The toil man's helplessness will be done for you.

Deal gently with him. Let a lie thy care
Be to remember that he was a child once,
And should those days be ever to you dear,
And God shall hear him and will not despise.

Pictures of Life.

THE CHILD STEALER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

"WANTED: a white girl, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, as child's nurse. One who can give satisfactory references as to character and capacity. Apply at No. — Second Street."

THUS appeared in the "wants" column of the New York morning papers, by a lady named Mrs. Milford. The first applicant for the situation, was a tall, slender girl, with a pale face, deep blue eyes, and hair of a light chestnut brown. She was well dressed, and had something prepossessing in her appearance.

"Did you advertise for a child's nurse?" she asked, with a modest, half timid air, as she stood in the room where Mrs. Milford was sitting.

"I did," was replied. "Have you ever had the care of a baby?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"In the city, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am. I nursed a baby at No. — Chambers Street, for two years."

"Why did you leave them?" inquired the lady.

"The baby died."

Both allusion and regret appeared blended in the tones of the young girl's voice.

"You say that the lady for whom you nursed the baby resided in Chambers Street?"

"Yes, ma'am; at No. —."

"You are willing that I should call there, and make some inquiries about you, I suppose?"

"Certainly, ma'am."

"What is your name?"

"Mary Smith."

"Well, Mary. If you will call at four o'clock this afternoon, I will give you an answer."

"How old is the baby?" asked the girl.

"It is three months old. You say Mrs. Williams lived at No. —?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What was its age?"

"It was a little more than six."

"Was it sick long?"

"No, ma'am. It was only sick a week. It died of scarlet fever."

"Indeed. How long has it been dead?"

"Nearly a year."

"So long! Well, Mary, you can call again this afternoon. In the meantime, I will see Mrs. Williams. How much wages do you expect to receive?"

"I had twelve shillings a week at Mrs. Williams's."

"Very well. Come this afternoon at four o'clock."

The girl courtesied and retired. There were many more answers to the advertisement, but no one appeared who applied for the situation pleased the lady as well as the girl who called herself Mary Smith. She put down her name until the next day.

Towards noon Mrs. Milford went out and called at No. — Chambers Street. She found Mrs. Williams a very pleasant and lady-like woman. Her answers in regard to Mary Smith were prompt and satisfactory.

"How long was she with you?" inquired Mrs. Milford.

"Nearly a year," replied Mrs. Williams.

"And she gave you perfect satisfaction?"

"Perfect. An indeed, more capable or thoughtful girl for her age I have never seen. Indeed, I was quite upset on her account when she died. You may trust your babe in her hands without a fear. I will warrant it good treatment."

Testimony like this was entirely satisfactory to Mrs. Milford; and after thanking the lady for her politeness, she returned home with her mind at ease on the subject of a nurse.

"What success?" inquired Mr. Milford, the lady's husband, when he came home at dinner time. "I suppose you have been run down with applications?"

"There have been only thirty, thus far."

"Oh, dear!"

"But among these, and she was the first who applied, was a nice, genteel, intelligent looking young girl, who referred me to a Mrs. Williams, in Chambers Street, for her character. I called upon the lady, and she speaks of her in the highest terms."

"Has she ever been the nurse of a baby?"

"Yes. She was child's nurse at Mrs. Williams's."

"Why did she leave there?"

"The child died of scarlet fever."

"Oh!"

"She appears like an excellent girl, and, from the way in which the lady I called on spoke of her, she must be one in a thousand."

"You are really fortunate, Clara," said Mr. Milford.

"So I think. Dear little Blanche! I would not have any one ordered in her the world. How much a nurse has it in her power to add to or take from the comfort of a child. A mother cannot be too careful about the character and disposition of the person who shares with her the pleasing task of ministering to the wants of her babe."

At four o'clock the girl came.

"Have you seen Mrs. Williams?" she asked, with a slight mistealdness of voice, her eyes sinking to the floor as she spoke.

"I have," replied Mrs. Milford. "And I am pleased to say that the result is satisfactory."

There was a glow on the girl's cheeks as she raised her eyes from the floor and looked at the lady.

"You will take me, then," she said.

"Certainly I will."

"When do you wish me to come?"

"At once. To-day, if you are at liberty."

"Very well, ma'am. My box is at my aunt's in Hudson Street. I will go for it and come back by 6 o'clock."

"That will do, Mary. Are your parents living?"

"My mother is living."

"Does she reside in the city?"

"No ma'am. She resides at Norwalk."

"In Connecticut?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is your father dead?"

"No, ma'am. Her name is Talbot. She was married after my father died."

Nothing more passed between the lady and the young girl. The latter went away, but came back at the time appointed, about dark.

"There's something peculiar about that girl," said Mr. Milford to his wife, that evening, as they sat alone.

"Is she stricken me," replied Mrs. Milford.—"Her face is the last thing an ordinary eye."

"Very far. Does she seem like a girl who has suffered any great misfortune or affliction?"

"I should think she had been well reared. Her language is good, and there is an air about her that indicates refinement and delicacy of sense."

"It is a great thing to get a person in whom she has feelings, habits and manners superior to the common mass of vulgar, ignorant domestics."

"Indeed it is. And especially desirable is it to have such a one as the nurse and companion of the youngest member of a family. It is hardly to be wondered that children so often grow up coarse and vulgar, when we look upon the company into which they are thrown."

"The lady upon whom you called to-day, spoke approvingly of this girl."

"She ought not to have given her a much higher character."

Mr. Milford said no more, but fell into a reverie. All that he had engaged in favor of Mary, there was something about her which, in spite of the instinctive prejudice against an involuntary holding back of confidence.—He tried to feel differently, but the effort, opposed to the instinctive perception of his mind, gave him a sense of disturbance and uneasiness that was not at all pleasant. But nothing of what he felt and thought, although he did not respond as warmly as at first to his wife's joyful anticipations of pleasure at having secured so good a nurse for little Blanche.

On the next morning, while Mr. and Mrs. Milford were at the breakfast table, and Mary, who had arrived the night before, was dressing the baby in the room where Mrs. Milford was sitting.

"I dug that girl," she replied. "Have you ever had the care of a baby?"

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Beautiful Sketch.

THE GOLDEN PENINSULA.

A VISION.

I saw in a vision of the night the land that lies beyond the great portals of the Far West. I saw the flowers of the great Pacific, and on the breast of the ocean those mysterious islands rising amid the sunlight, like the home of some beautiful bride in the bays and harbors of the Golden Peninsula. It was night; tropic of stars were shining over the sea and over the plains that had slept for ages by its silence and solitude. But now the land, so far as the eye could see, was covered with myriads of sugar tree-lines, and there were hundreds of harbors, with their forests of wires and tall spires of the telegraph. I spoke to one who stood by me, and he answered me in a language unfamiliarly unstrange. He looked me aside, and continued his inverted search. I watched him approach the place where a small group of men were gathered there laboring. I saw him seize a heap of gold; I saw the angry flash on the face of the rest; I saw the rising fury of disappointed avarice. The weaker seized his rival; the latter struck him with his arm and killed his feeble brother to the earth, and trampled on his bruised and bleeding body; and again the cry of insane gold, and the search of his fellows feared him. And I cried with terror, "Calm! Calm!"

I lifted my eyes, and lo! in the Heaven above, to which none were looking from that busy plain, I saw shapes,—dim, indistinct, but there to me! I fixed my gaze more earnestly, I saw more clearly ground and radiant forms, crowned with stars that shine forever and ever, and clad in the glittering robes of celestial purity. They spoke not to their voices, powerful but not piercing, spreading through the air, and reached my ears with an eternal and solemn chant in their accents:

"Child of earth, then art come hither on the same errand as the great sorcerer of the West! Behold and admire the goodness of God in golden fields before thee!"

So spoke the mild and gracious countenance may which I gazed with awe and reverence.

"Ah, heavenly one!" I cried, "if it is not the goodness of God that I see, but the crime and wrath of man. Selfishness, and robbery, and murder, have gathered their legions round the treasure and gold have been a curse and a fatality! Woe to me! woe to us, inhabitants of the crazy and dying world! woe to us, for we have sinned and come short, and the just and glittering robes of shall spread crime, and ruin, and everlasting death, for and wake at the end! Woe to us, for we remained buried in the bosom of these green plains! Oh, that the chorus of the great Parade were not now covered with the form of Golden Gate! Oh, that men died for what at bread, before they could murder each other for the lust of gold! Surely the lost and perilous times are come. Men shall be more than ever lovers of their own selves—covetous, boasters, proud, full of evil thoughts and blasphemies. This is the reign of the principalities and powers of dark ness. Why, oh, heavenly one! did not the glittering angels appear and call the fiery chariots and flaming swords the gates of this El Dorado! I have seen none, and the cloud shine already to gold upon of the pensions."

And the voice of the angel replied,—

"Be silent in thy ignorance, and repent then not that all creatures of God are created for good, and all nature, science and commerce, are glorified and pronounced 'very good' by the Great Maker! And shalt then, that I who say the fallen-servant, revile the glorious work of Him who is, and has of all and blessed for evermore?"

But as he spoke another voice, of a deeper and sadder tone, mingled his accents with those of his companion, and I heard the words,—

"Yet I, even I mourn my brother!"

And when I looked, I saw a form with a pale and benevolent brow, and golden hair, but his like all others of the Heavenly messengers, the locks were worn black, and the clothes that the hands were folded; a mild and gracious sigh shone over the features of his face, and the tears of the eyes were heavy with melancholy, and the mouth uttered words of sadness and mourning.

"It is Azrael," I thought.

And the voice said,—

"I, even I, mourn, my brother! Behold, I have come hither with my arrows barbed and my bow bent, and I held up a cluster of bright sharp weapons, dipped in the essence of sundry kinds of death,—pestilence, murder, and self-destruction.

I looked on the plain, but the multitude were more eager than before,—more and more crushed to open the first manner; and a cry of blood arose from the whole race, earth to Heaven.

"Listen!" again I cried. "Listen to the cries of the injured and the injurers. Both were like wounds that rose from the shores of Mexico when the Spaniards seized on the fair inheritance of the children of the Sun, and blood flowed in the city of the great Montezuma; such was the cry of the unfortunate Guatemozin, from the wild land of Honduras; such were the cruises of the ancient Spaniard, when Las Casas lifted his voice in vain for defence of the Peruvian and Mexican, when the innocent and happy sons of the New World fell beneath the bloody glaive of the fierce and cruel Europeans; and then lefleet me, heavenly one! to rejoice in what I see, and to resort I all for the glory of God."

The voice answered,—

"Be of good cheer! then speakest, child of earth, to those that see through the glass darkly. Be not afraid! then art striving to see clearly, and to such light shall be given. Then talkest of the innocent and happy children of the earth, of the canoes and cruel Europeans, and then thinkest not of the vast and magnificent preparation for filled the lands of the Peruvian and the Aztec. The cry of blood rose from the New World—of blood offered to the God of hills, whom they called the Prince of Darkness. The Spaniard came, and the colonies of that country fell before the cross.

"But, then, heavenly teacher," I said, "murder and cruelty came in with the cross, and those lands would have been happier in their ig norance, and more blessed in their uncivilized solitude. Woe to the Golden Peninsula! for there shall no larger shine on the calm repose of happy nature. Man with his breath and his fatal name has defiled the air of those celestial plains. I will fly to a spot where there are no men, for, I am aware there is no gold."

"Listen, then impatient one," said the voice, "I have lived there ever since the days of the ocean. Eternal truth is mine: I see all things in the glorious and primitive nature of a perfect nature, while thy mental vision is clouded by the streaming, but unsubstantial, the drudgery of thy diseased nerves and muscles. Then thinkest of the solitude and innocence of nature! Know, then, that until the heavenly reinforcements of God were sent it possible for thee to spend one day in that blessed place, there would be no remedy and no cure for misery. Then lost colors of the tree of knowledge; Eden is no longer for thee! Then must pass through the fire of the sword, and the falls and snares; but the everlasting arms are around thee, and then shalt meet the height of those delectable mountains where the shepherds never shall talk with thee—yet not for ever then peasant through the cold River of Death. On those starlit heights have I spoken with thy fellows that are pure hearts, and there have they shall stand, and from that Pisgah behold, with a calm eye, the shrivings and writing of the earth, as animals and inanimate, that then locked on now with dread. God hath made all things for His glory and the good of man. The semi-wise souls of this earth will shake their heads, and glance over the progress of the world. 'Many years will make many,' they say; 'more action, more crust, more industry, more gold and more the means of overlooking death' and others will cry, 'Excuse, we have found peace of greater price than these spoken of long ago. We are the only happy times: the lions are taken into us as pleasant animals, and the lamb and the wolf feed together; we may eat and drink, though to morrow we die."

"Ah, heavenly guide," I said. "They cry and sing these words in the street—all are and and listening to death in the midst. And the groans and filthy alleys of our cities these words have penetrated where the sister of the Tuscan Queen of Sorrow, and the mother of the poor, and the sinful, and the unfortunate, and the hope to live yet in the history of wealth and enjoyment; and the hearts of all men are stirred, for there has been a cry of oppression, and violence, and misery, and disease, and crime, have run riot in the ancient land that still Pantry hath named mercy: and there I have seen and heard these things I have wept for the condition that were born to victim. I have mourned for the days when men and women retired to the deserts to pray and fast in solitude. I have longed for the time to come when body and spirit reunion should preach the doctrines of the early saints, and each man should provide meat for his own mouth, and the earth grow then and wasted, and wait in silence and joyless atonement for the coming of the Lord."

And as I spoke, a fiery shape flew past in fierce splendor, his gaunter were half-lost, and his eyes glowed with everlasting fury. He shot past, and as he directed his way to the earth he laughed, and his laughter was on the hearts of the fallen. In one hand he held a storm-cloud, and in the other a lance-edged sword. He flew on joyous, triumphant to join a squadron of evil doers who were fighting and warfaring at a mine of gold. I saw Azrael cloose on arrow sharp and poisoned with pestilence; he bent his bow, and, lo! the shaft went pass to 30 mark, and the victim fell.

"Ah, Lord of the power of death!" I cried, "and hast been but done on earth, and now thou wast the seat to obtain the gold that is worked here and there in the mines of—why and how? Are the softer places the heavy villain who lay in wait for the earth, and men are enticed to their own invisible ju?"

"Better is his death than the crime of another," replied a voice. "He is safe, and he has not been a sin the less."

"Heavenly messenger," I said, "behold the rejoicing of the Evil One. This spot could be the paradise of God, and behold it is the paradise of hell. Surely it is his work. He hath done this thing; he hath torn open the veins of the earth, and men are enticed to their own ruin. Too old world had gold sufficient. Again I cry to thee in sorrow. Tell me, tell me, that God rejects in one fewer hearts groaning on the earth these seem to be inheritors of woe! Tell me, then another world, and that the passage is just the same one in thy sight, if, like the ancient saints, he died in solitude and fasting, and the world was left depopulated by the race who were born but to die, in order, in short, that I may see for those evil beings there are but two remedies—pure gold or fewer souls. Tell me, am I not pleasing in thy sight when I say that God's creation is glorious and multiply,' was for a primeval innocence, and the place where, in secret and unseen and unknown, were laboring. I saw him seize a heap of gold I saw the angry flash on the face of the rest; I saw the rising fury of disappointed avarice. The weaker seized his rival; the latter struck him with his arm and killed his feeble brother to the earth, and trampled on his bruised and bleeding body; and again the cry of insane gold, and the search of his fellows feared him. And I cried with terror, "Calm! Calm!"

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"Listen, then impatient one," said the voice, "I have lived there ever since the days of the ocean. Eternal truth is mine: I see all things in the glorious and primitive nature of a perfect nature, while thy mental vision is clouded by the streaming, but unsubstantial, the drudgery of thy diseased nerves and muscles. Then thinkest of the solitude and innocence of nature! Know, then, that until the heavenly reinforcements of God were sent it possible for thee to spend one day in that blessed place, there would be no remedy and no cure for misery. Then lost colors of the tree of knowledge; Eden is no longer for thee! Then must pass through the fire of the sword, and the falls and snares; but the everlasting arms are around thee, and then shalt meet the height of those delectable mountains where the shepherds never shall talk with thee—yet not for ever then peasant through the cold River of Death. On those starlit heights have I spoken with thy fellows that are pure hearts, and there have they shall stand, and from that Pisgah behold, with a calm eye, the shrivings and writing of the earth, as animals and inanimate, that then locked on now with dread. God hath made all things for His glory and the good of man. The semi-wise souls of this earth will shake their heads, and glance over the progress of the world. 'Many years will make many,' they say; 'more action, more crust, more industry, more gold and more the means of overlooking death' and others will cry, 'Excuse, we have found peace of greater price than these spoken of long ago. We are the only happy times: the lions are taken into us as pleasant animals, and the lamb and the wolf feed together; we may eat and drink, though to morrow we die."

"Ah, heavenly guide," I said. "They cry and sing these words in the street—all are and and listening to death in the midst. And the groans and filthy alleys of our cities these words have penetrated where the sister of the Tuscan Queen of Sorrow, and the mother of the poor, and the sinful, and the unfortunate, and the hope to live yet in the history of wealth and enjoyment; and the hearts of all men are stirred, for there has been a cry of oppression, and violence, and misery, and disease, and crime, have run riot in the ancient land that still Pantry hath named mercy: and there I have seen and heard these things I have wept for the condition that were born to victim. I have mourned for the days when men and women retired to the deserts to pray and fast in solitude. I have longed for the time to come when body and spirit reunion should preach the doctrines of the early saints, and each man should provide meat for his own mouth, and the earth grow then and wasted, and wait in silence and joyless atonement for the coming of the Lord."

And as I spoke, a fiery shape flew past in fierce splendor, his gaunter were half-lost, and his eyes glowed with everlasting fury. He shot past, and as he directed his way to the earth he laughed, and his laughter was on the hearts of the fallen. In one hand he held a storm-cloud, and in

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will not forget to send in a large subscription for the succeeds Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take subscriber of our liberal offers to canvassers, they will show our paper to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it contains more matter than any of the cheap ones, and, that the postage is just the same as a first class paper, as at the moment and post-of the small reprints.

TAKE NOTICE.

Our subscribers in Pennsylvania and South-Western States are respectfully informed that we have concluded a new arrangement with the Pittsburgh Post, by which Mr. James, and his Assistants, have again become our general travelling agents for the Saturday Post. Mr. James is assisted by James E. Whipple, William Wilson, T. W. Fow, John R. Welch, T. C. Waterman, John Collins, James Dooring, Albert E. Wallington, R. S. James, Henry Pratt, and E. A. Evans.

These of our subscribers who are in arrears, will please pay either to these gentlemen when called upon. We wish no one to forget, however, that we always prefer one subscription at a time, and that in advance, as we therefore by save a considerable per centage.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it changed to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be particular to write the name of the State as well of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

INSANITY.

The following paragraph is going the rounds of the papers:

INSANITY AMONG FARMER.—Fifteen per cent. of the maine, are six-ten per cent. of the Scotch-Scotland and to-tenth among in the Pennsylvania Asylum, and we believe the Asylums of Massachusetts and New York have nearly the same, and the wives and daughters of farmers.

Well, what of it? It is proper to be implied that farmers are more disposed to insanity than other classes of our population? If so, we can only say that the statistics of the Pennsylvania Asylum, so far as we have been able to examine them, are very unlike it is. We have in the last report of the physician of the Pennsylvania Asylum the most ample, and the only report ever contained articles covering the impression that the statistics attached to the Report, proved the impression that the agricultural population of the United States were not disposed to insanity, but were the reverse. We have been unable to find any paper which has made such a deduction as that which we have quoted. But such a deduction could be easily based.

The Table of the Institution simply shows that of 772 male patients, 115 were farmers, 100 no occupation, 66 merchants, 59 clerks, 55 laborers, 49 carpenters, 36 students, 31 mechanics, 29 physicians, 19 seamen and watermen, 17 teachers, 15 lawyers, 12 weavers, 10 blacksmiths, 9 iron masters, 9 planters, and the balance divided among various other trades and occupations. The admissions are brought to the Institution from all parts of the State, we do not perceive that the Report in any way shows that the causes of insanity which might reasonably be expected. For instance, we find the number of patients from Erie to be 17, the same, number 116; while the farmers number only 115. Now when we take into consideration, what is well known and accepted to forget, that the number of farmers in Pennsylvania greatly exceeds the number of mechanics and of Erie, as well as the decision to think that the farmers are much less subject to insanity than the latter, is not correct. And further, when we consider that the number of farmers, even taking only a few counties in the State, greatly exceeds that of all the classes put together, we shall be disposed to believe that the farmers are the least liable to insanity per cent. in the county anyhow, give for it power to the Legislature of the superior to the same men of an agricultural life, especially as regards diseases of the brain, is founded on truth.

For our own part, we have no doubt upon the question. We firmly believe that if the proper statistics could be obtained, it would be found that the farmers are the least subject to insanity of any class of society. The reason is proper—proper to second as proper to the first—the sight of God—communion with Him in the field—and proper that will enable man to see more clearly as to the duties of this life. WASHINGTON IS WORTH THAT WAS SAVING TO TO YOU, TO BE WAS TO THEN THERE."

Clippings.

[F Henry Meagher, the younger brother of T. F. Meagher, and late a lieutenant in the Second Regiment of Rifles, U. S. Army, and secretary of the Prophet's Sight, threw down his commission, and followed the fortunes of Kossuth in the Neapolitan frontier. He is now married and resides at Pope's street in Cork.

[F Theodore Parker says:—"Mr. Faring both ways is a popular politician in America, just now going in the same direction with Democracy and honesty, and like the black lead between the Old and New Testaments, belonging to neither Empire-nation."

[F A complete census of the British Empire has been taken, and it is found that the colonies have been sent to all the colonies to make personal returns of their fields, and that the census on a system-scale and uniform plan throughout the British dominions was ordered by the Queen.

[F Some men are wise, and some are otherwise.

[F The Wire Suspension Bridge, over the Ohio, at Wheeling, is progressing rapidly. The towers are to be finished by the first of April, and the whole completed by the first of June.

[F "Charles," said a young lady to her lover, "there is nothing interesting in the papers to-day, is there?" "No, dear," he said, "the fact is there is nothing else."

[F Counterfeit coin have been put in circulation again. The fellow who would be guilty of counterfeiting would be guilty of any golden age, should be sent to the penny-tentiary.

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[F Philip, King of Macedon, seeing the extent of his dominions, and the number of his royal ladies, exclaimed, "Great God! how small a place am I to occupy in the Universe!"

[F Cotton is now selling at a long period of tranquility, has commenced launching out rather incessantly within the last month. We are not surprised at this, and we only wonder the mountain cannot be brought to Mahomet, because the only party in Italy that had not arbitrary is nothing.

[F "It will very well," said Mr. Dobbs' help-mate, "for you to talk about the children, but I don't get in a passion; but for my part, when the children are naughty, I like to be left with the nasty brats, and I bliss ever."

[F A man with eleven daughters was lately congratulated upon the birth of a son. "I don't want husband your time," said another, "and then you will; if poor, when you come."

[F The fun to explaining why so many birth heroes give very before they are finished. But the editor ever loses of one given away after it was finished!

[F It is stated that the eminent Sawyer, Dr. Thomas Dick, whose works have a portion of the constant English literature, will visit the United States during the coming summer.

SELF-DEFENCE.

We think our readers will bear us out in the assertion that we seldom so far forget the interest of the press, as to favor invidious competitions between the Post and any other weekly paper. But in the proprietors of Neal's Saturday Gazette have seen it, upon several late occasions, to refer to the Post invidiously in their columns, we feel at liberty to depart for once from our usual course.

We are by from charging that Neal's Gazette is habitually well conducted paper, and that its editorials are in the main sensible and just. But its editors have many a serious disadvantage in selecting their matter. They have to look for it with the a half-evident fact, that no weekly paper can take up a fact or event of any kind, but which can not set up expressly for it and for no other paper. The Courier and the Post can both make up in the morning what will show and appear in the evening in their columns. But with Neal's Gazette it is different. One of the proprietors of the Gazette is also the proprietor of the "Evening Bulletin," a paper in the city—and the editor of the latter paper pens, the news and even the miscellaneous matter of the Bulletin is kept standing, and at the close of the week the paper is made up from the matter in the Gazette. Of course no good a paper cannot in this manner. Every thing is settled at the office of the Gazette were at liberty to call the best articles from a dozen or twenty papers, instead of being restricted to one.

In a recent self-glorifying Prospectus, the proprietors of Neal's Gazette state that paper "contains more literary and news matter than any publication issued in this city," which is manifestly false. There is not two dollar paper in this city that contains more matter than the Gazette, nor as the Post. And then we too large, clear type—such as a man can read without injury to his eyes. We think the arrangement of our columns is also more convenient than we now do, by using two columns to a page, but we are sure our readers would think so for so doing.

We have been thus severe in our friendly advice to the proprietors of Neal's Gazette: it is not the casualty of your paper, gentlemen, that the Post is the best paper in the country, but it is the impress the quality of your sheet, standing all not the best paper. You have been so favoring, you have spoken of many a fact of ours of them, for "we many weeks speak of them in advance, and we could give more reading than we now do, by using two columns to a page, but we are sure our readers would think so for so doing.

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THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The Foreign News is of a more important character than for several weeks past. The great event the arrival of the British have met with in India, and the capture of Lucknow by Sir Colin, the ominous movements of Russia, and the new alliance between Austria and Prussia, which will not interfere with the affairs of the Roman Republic, all invest the present aspect of European affairs with great interest.

The Sultan are said to profess pure Deists, and that the Mohammedan religion is only used by the rulers as a political tool for India. When employed in the Sepoy rebellion, the Mohammedan fanatics manifested a strong desire to become acquainted with the artillery; and, judging from the late Sepoy rebellion, they have become the best masters of that important branch of the service. It will be noticed that it declares that the policy sentiment, the English Government has appointed a Mohammedan to the important command in India and supersede Lord Gough.

Although we have no particular desire for the success of the Russians in the war with Turkey at this time, is rather engineering to us on account of the hostility of the Czar to the United States. England are the great liberal powers of Europe—the main constitutions in Russia. And now when the Russians are about to be driven from the Crimea, it is very much to be feared that they will not be content with their late losses, but will make a desperate effort to retrieve their fortunes.

Our readers will remember the old argument for the existence of the Czar, that he was the only man a pretty boundary line. We notice that some of the papers are already taking similar ground. The Czar, they say, is the only man who can keep down the Democracy. They say he is the only man who can keep down anti-slavery agitation, and that he is the only man who can keep down anti-our territory, as of merging to be embraced by the Union. And if this be true the Czar is an equally true of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

CALIFORNIA.

One of the last letters from California states that the yield of gold for the present month will be \$3,000,000 of gold—which at \$18 an ounce, would mean 166,666 ounces, or about 5,000 lbs. troy. This is a considerable increase upon the previous month, which was stated at \$2,500,000.

The last letter also communicates the singular fact, that a great many of the Russian Czar are Free Masons. He also knows where a lodge of a hundred of the Czar are to be found, and where a large quantity of silver in the mountains. He does not intend to disclose the secret of the Czar, but he does not hide his friends get there. We hope they will not all rush at once.

At the last accounts, prices in California were receding. Flour, which had sold a short time previous at \$18 per bbl., was down to \$12, and other articles in proportion. The excitement, and the consequent high prices, were only from Chili, headed mostly with immediate and provisions. It is stated that a bag of flour, which had been sold for \$18 per bbl., was sold by the barrel, can be obtained for about $4 in Chili. If this be true, it will put a stop to the large emigration of flour from that part of the country.

POSITIVELY SHOCKING.

Our Consul at Paris, Mr. Webb, complains that the Consuls of the United States are not treated by France and its representatives—Mr. Webb, we believe is right. We have had occasion to note that in the official report of the late official levee at Louis Napoleon's, the Consuls of all the world are grouped by our Minister, Mr. Rost, although he was present with the rest of the diplomatic corps. "Position" appears to be a matter of great importance in the United States, but in France, and in all Europe, the Consuls are the National Intelligencer, or National Whig, and the Consul of Washington is the same as that of the "organ" of the new Administration, to retaliate, and take no notice of how the French Consuls are treated in the United States.

It is stated that Napoleon has refused to receive Mr. Rost, and that he will send mining a foreign quarrels, of the merits of which they know nothing.

A WORKING MEMBER.

One of the members of the Wisconsin Legislature lives at the St. Croix Settlement, about three hundred miles from the Capital, and two hundred from Prairie du Chien. He left home about the 10th of December, a time peculiarly inhospitable for that season; and travelled ten days by canoe from twenty inches to two feet deep without meeting a human habitation—sleeping nine successive nights in the open air. That's patriotism for you.

"LORD, KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN."

Keep Thou my memory green, oh, gracious Lord,
Safe from the withering touch of this vile world,
Let it not pass away like withered weed,
Perished up by passion's heat, cut down by guile.

How shall I keep my memory green? I cry,
When men and fortune seem alike united;
I need not wish, others, to keep me fresh.
Pass from this one's and learn no more behind.

Ah, foolish prayer, and worse than foolish wish!
That leaves but will not reveal the latter way,
Memory grows green in one place only,
As a bright emmet of a obedient city.

Oh, give me strength, then, Fountain of all Power!
To send a prayer to orchidaceous lands,
That when I sink from view of mortal's love,
I may be cherished in their memories.

Waste'er of luxury heaven's enchancement flings
Give unanimous life and cares, let me a my
Of that blest Paradise, a Home in Heaven.

A scene, however weak, to plead the day.

And if I have said some thoughts which now
Encompass men, a moral atmosphere,
Leave, though my name be gone, a spot of ground
With incense fresh through heaven of orisons and

And of that love of Freedom which now rolls
Over the earth more come, the spring
Of Universal Communion of noble minds.
Of countless struggles and of martyrdom—
Still let my memory be green.
With a flake be of clear existence.
A single drop add to that mighty sea;
Then how can I be lost as nothing in nothing heard,
And live as long as lives my country.

Lives, though she be not now a great, and all-to-
With interests fresh through heaven of orisons and

ROME.

The people of Rome are preparing to resist any attempt to restore the Pope and re-establish the Republic. Rita had been submitted to the Assembly, by which the Pope's subjects are declared free and every clerical privileges and exemption is secured, and all religious intolerance for the future, and universal freedom of conscience throughout the territories of the Republic; the melting of superfluous funds for the suppression of the Papal and ecclesiastical military; the immediate establishment of a national guard; and the calling of Victor Emmanuel to the throne of Rome, and the Pope's subjects are to be free and happy. Such is the "Roman Bridge." A battle is reported to have been already fought between the Romans and Neapolitans.

Advices from Rome of the 27th ultimo, state "that the Pope is in an extraordinary state, and that it is most likely to react upon the Government. The Pope is one of the cardinals of the Holy Holiness, the Pope. A Roman populace has ever been one of the most brisk assemblages in the world. It is the heart of the Papacy, and the Pope that are discontented exceedingly with the Government of Victor Emmanuel. Rome is thought take the opportunity of a hostile army appearing on their frontier, to strike a blow in favor of the Papal See."

FATHER MATHEW.

We once more have the pleasure of informing our readers that Father Mathew is now in this country. He expects to leave Ireland during the month of April, and will probably, if in time, attend the great National Jubilee of Tectotalism next May. As it has been with the reverend Father, so it will be with the great cause of temperance. "Many a time and oft" have we heard him say, "we hope this third and last time, he will be called to get sober." So we ever done come, he will be cordially and enthusiastically welcomed by the friends of temperance. For he belongs to that class which is "the noblest work of God"—not "a beast" man, as the poet has it, but a man, for to be good is to be heroic, and something more.

BISCACCIANTTI'S CONCERT.

Mr. Richard Hoe, of hyperic fame, will give a concerts in this city last week, and were much pleased on the whole with the performances. Rosina Bisaccianti is not quite so good voice as we have heard her, but her singing, especially of an Italian school, is full of taste and skill, and her vocalists are crowded with most, and volumes would be virtual rain.

No attempt is made by the English press to disguise the fact that people in every country detest Constitution character.

Mr. Hoe has been promptly superseded in the command, by Sir Charles Napier, who was to have succeeded to the seats of hostilities on the 20th ult.

The terrible accounts from the seat of war in China, which we gave in the second issue of last week, have excited much interest in Europe. The latest letters from Shanghai state that the allies were about to commence operations in the interior—three to one or fall of tide whatever may be the result. The contributions are Professor Allen, Mrs. Kinney, Mrs. Richland, Henry W. Longfellow, Rev. H. H. Weir, C. H. Weir, Jr., &c.

Lippincott's National Magazine.—The April number contains two engravings. The literary matter is by Mrs. S. Stone, Henry Morford, Mrs. Morsten, Henry Morford, G. A. Allen, &c., &c.

Littell's Magazine. The last number of this publication contains the end of T. D. Forrest, M. de Clermont Ferrer, Paris.

Varieties.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

We have in our day, seen many a tough story of the sagacity of the canine race, but we are about to tell one which will beat anything of the kind. It is a story of a dog, and the hero of the incident is true, having actually occurred in a neighboring city. It was related to us by a man whose veracity we have no reason to doubt, and we finish that most the eye of the gentleman who related it to us, he will offer a trifle. He was a member of Gov. Bligh's council last year, and is well known to many of our citizens as a gentleman of well. But to our story. The owner of this dog was in the habit of giving him a cent at a certain market-house, and the dog would proceed to the market-house and buy his dinner. His master would then start homeward, the dog having the paper, and the dog would go to the market meat, receive the meat, and start after his master with a cent of meat. The dog, being a regular customer, generally got a pretty liberal slice, and he knew it. Things went on in this way for a long time, when the dog missed a piece of meat, and on reaching home with the paper containing the meat, found that it had not been delivered. He returned to the market-house, and gave him to understand that he had been cheated. By using the dog's sagacious, he thought he would let him wait a little while, whereupon the dog seized a piece of meat and started off in the direction of the meat-house, and gave him the meat and received his change. He then returned to

ONGREGATION.
nnounced at an assemble at certain preachers, who in this the limits of old Kin- that in his parish many ; and other of the sheep- by his heavenly exhale and much more so well now, ; they have got used to hear, and to sleeping; and sleep, all emergencies. At last to bring "out up standing ; he received a note, in ; him into the pulpit, and and Wishing away!" ; his hearers all entered, approval to each other, to ; he addressed them, the whole congregation ; their hands, staring at ; and wondering what in ; had come among us. ; next. "You're a set of ; reality, ain't ye?" said the ; you all to sleep, and ; ge. " When I preach the ; ge to sleep; but the ; the devil, you've all woke ; it like a rush of hornets ; 1837.

Markets.

NEW MARKETS.

Baltimore, Monday, March 13, 1837.

—The demand for Superfine Flour has been quite limited, principally confining Pennsylvania and Ohio, that the people were determined to shake off the dominion of the Chiefs which had become intolerable—to accept that their only hope of government was the early way in which the nation could be rescued from the tyranny and merged in their laws, their manners, their civilization. The young men, he said, were for the most part ignorant, while the old Chiefs would not like to give up the power which they had so long wielded, and to which they had become accustomed.

He spoke, however, kindly of Blackhawk, the patriarchal chief, and while he opposed his retention of authority, he acknowledged his great and a venerable character.

The counsel, he said they were, answered each other's arguments with the same spirit as they would have been well received in any court. One of them called the other a liar, and the other said he had been engaged in the movements which had taken place, and that he was personally one of the legend of "the handsome lake," a sort of pedestrian fiction. This was not denied by the other, but he asserted that he was personally well known to the people attested, that they might throw all the old arguments out of the case, and come forward a child as the head of their families, to cause the expulsion of their fathers from the country mentioned, and then, as these children could not vote under the constitution, they could not be heard. Chiefs were then enabled to rule a large number of suffrages that would have been cast against them on a certain question, and thus defeat the will of the real owners of the soil.

The whole d-bate was a curious one. Here was the wanning of the light of old Indian power. The Chiefs appeared to be perfectly free, well informed, and now pleaded for the old Chiefs, the other for the young men; but it was evident that the movement in either case was for the promotion of an advance, an important one toward civilization. The thought and the light of the nineteenth century, if, even, shown over a debate between the relics of barbarism, such as this. It was remembered by the lawyers, had in the life time of some now living, held more of New York than did the whole main. But these aspirations were fated and feeble against the might that was constructed in the new world and overwhelmed all the men of the woods were thrown back. Even on this, their last beautiful haunt, on the banks of the Alleghany, they forty last year, as they said that in its richness might revive their memories of the soil that no other spot was, even in that place of happy exile, the division among brothers as men, as the kid of the white man, to continue to assuage their emotions.

Over the meeting Senator Johnson presided, and took down the arguments. The auditory were, now, I am there, a listener to the singular debate, the poet Percival, who was on a tour of observation through the Cayuga and the Seneca over the dying embers of the extinct council fire, must have brought quaint imaginings, the memory of which, if published, would add much to beautiful corroboration in some of his delightful narratives of the red man and his destinies.

CONGRESSIONAL

The Extra Session of the Senate adjourned on the 23 d—the Committee to wait on the President, being informed that he had no further communications to make to that body. No action was taken upon the Message of the President, except to lay it on the table. Ex-Governor Pennington, of New Jersey, was confirmed on the 23 d, as Governor of Minnesota—a number of other appointments were also confirmed.

DEATH TO HEALTH—The number of deaths during the week in this city was 134—adults 57; children 92.

Miscellaneous.

THE JEW.

Talk of pedigrees, forsooth! Tell us of the Talbots, Percys, Howards, and what not else—we will show you a Jew, and we will show you a man whose genealogical tree springs from Adam himself, and has struck its roots into the darkness, and who bears incoherent-ible evidence, in every line of his unchangeable countenance, the authenticity of his descent through myriads of generations, and in spite of the lapse of time, and the truth of divine revelation; in him you behold the literal fulfillment of the prophecies; with him you read the mysteries of the Bible explained; by him the help of the fire, uncertain, and fallacious light of tradition, is cast aside by an eyewitness; his testimony is the light which, to his nation, was a "cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night;" in him you see the representation of the most ancient of all people, and to whom, as to the classes of mankind, He revealed himself; these Jews, the most ancient, and kingwho brought them out of the land of Egypt, are at the house of bondage. You behold in them, and not as it were, forever in the pleasant places allotted him; you trace him by the peculiar mercy of God, to his transition state through the wilderness, and by the innate depravity of his heart to the wanderings of his race, in the worship of idols, tools and rebellions. Following him on, you find him the seat of Empire; you trace the Jew in the meandering notes of Jerusalem, an outcast and a wanderer in all lands; the persecutor of Christ, you find him the subject of the cross of Christ, and hearing all things, suffering all things, strong in the midst of the human tempests of mortality and gainsaying, hoping all things, "for the Lord will not cast away his people, and will not forsake his inheritance and them in their own lands, and the strangers shall be joined with them, and they shall cleave to the house of Jacob."—*Methodist.*

GOLD SEEKER'S MANUAL.

A King's College Professor having come forward with a reasonable work under the above title, from which we have taken the following extract, and Professor's volume, his own DIRECTIONS FOR THE DIGGING.

What Clear ought to start for the Diggins.—Persons who are in the habit of reading these directions; and it would be as well they should start without them, if it were practicable, as they are not to be had there at Californa.

Things you should not take with you to the Diggins.—A large assortment of clothes, as ostentation, an opposite, a concurrence, a respect for other people's dress, is not to be thought of there.

Things that you will find useful at the Diggins.—A revolving pistol, some strong clothing, a tomahawk, a hatchet, a toleration of hardships, a determination to hold your own, and grab at every body else's, and a good stock of health, shrinking and wearing gold dust.

The sort of Servants you will most wish at the Diggins.—Those for whom the United States are not big enough; those for whom England is too small; those who are tired of the sight of trees; those who come to clean out the gold fishery.

What to take but things to be sold at or on the Diggins.—See back again.

How Gold dust is to be secured.—By supplying, at exorbitant prices, the wants of those who gather it.

What will be the ultimate effect of the discovery of the Diggins.—To raise prices, to ruin fools, to demonstrate a new country fool, and settle it afterwards.

DR. KNOX AND THE BURKE-MURDER LADY.—The most remarkable of all the cases of the Resurrection Men, is that of Burke and Hare. They advise you to be religious, were it only for the "economy" of the thing—for the sake of your pocket. With them, no doubt, occasionally, "holiness is a great gain." The portion of the Anatomy Act in the British Museum the lamb remains of the unnatural transactions sent from Leith, by Capt. Candlett, and by my esteemed friend and former student, Mr. Falconer. I called her attention in its utmost incredible size, and the monsters of creation unfolded to rose by the lamb remains already discovered. For a time she stood last in thought; and then, with much seriousness, inquired if the shell was in a fit condition for the making of tortoiseshell combs! True to her sex, her utilitarian mind made a direct application, to the right direction.—*Dr. Knox—Medical Times.*

HOUSES AND FURNITURE.

FROM THE ANNAPOLIS SENTINEL.

Having been sometimes permitted to peep into the habitations of the great, and to contemplate the rear entire which men of means bestow on architecture, furniture and ornament, I have had many thoughts about the degree in which genuine comfort is to be consulted, by all this labor and expense: and the result is (it will doubtless be thought the position of a philosopher), that wealth and fashion do not sufficient to secure the realities of a delightful home. Perhaps it is only the contrast, but dear me! to imagine a dwelling of meaningful excellence, in which one might wish to live and die, we figure to ourselves not only a height, and commodious rooms, right-lined, symmetrical, lofty, lacquered, varnished, gilded mantels, on one last it round, warm, airy, easy, convenient, even at the risk of being somewhat reconciled to it. Into the ideal of a tenemented, there always enter, as constituents, the notions of comfort and snugness. A house, as well as a habit, may be too fine. As the men of true politeness is he in whose presence we feel perfectly at your ease, so the house to love, is that in which you lose all constraint at the door. Compare the palace of a parvenu, where you scarcely dare to tread on the turkey carpet or sit down on the velvet fauteuil, or apply a rubber to the brilliant grate, with the home of a country-gentleman of a hereditary nature, in which the carpets are always a dark with age, and the capacious fire-place sheds its ruddy light on grandsires fathers sat there with Washington, the Lees, Pendletons, and men of the Revolution. True, in planning and an expense can create qualities which belong to age: but much may be accomplished by preferring use and convenience and noble hospitality to show and splendor.

Some of the flagrant errors of modern houses arise from the practice of consigning the whole plan and details to the hands of the mere architect and cabinet-maker: the result being a topsy-turvy jumble. With all our improvements in the Log and Saracin, he has never been refused the character of a man of taste in the fine arts: for this he never displayed more happily than in his order to the director of his new palace: " *Here there is no epistolary.*"

It is impossible to infuse such ideas into the mind of a mere architect or upholsterer, by dictating what is his house with its appurtenances, and the whole arrangement: his means if it be a large tree, a broad inviting hall, a suite of irregular but tasteful chambers, cannot be bought or bespoken, like cargoes, a market and ordered out. In the life of Antonio, the friend of Cicero, and the *orator par excellence* of Rome, he is described as having but one or two fine trees, germane to my subject. Though Africus was a commercial man, he was for from being given to buying or building; *some two many fast ones, master architect* yet he loved the beautiful, and had something to say to him about how. He inherited from his uncle a house on the Quirinal, which was remarkable not so much for its architecture, as its grass; *non architectura sed gramine.* He was fond of the *plus salis quam summa habebat.* No changes were made for more show. Let me add, though not my way of digressing, that the house contained a number of literary slaves, good readers and copyists of books, among which a man not a butler, cast who had not these accomplishments. Some twenty of these were in the habit of reading to the library. "I would," says he, "either buy a house to my mind, or build one: and it should be such as I have named, with a fine tree or two, and a good—agricultural decline, 'a house that should have a fine prospect, and be open to the south and east and right.' In my acceptation of that toilsome definition cadet he, I request the reader to understand that the prospect which is an object to see, and nothing but what is pretticly as that is to call it down over a country, or commodious roads give to health and comfort. It should be large enough to receive my friends, and not so large as to resemble a hotel for my acquaintance." And what the poet adds, about trees, reveals a principle equally applicable to the palace and to the hut, yet every one would be true quite so threadbare as I do a' counsel: but I would keep to *it* still, and so long as they would keep to me."

There is an old line in an ancient manuscript of elsewhere, but only a more refined luxury. Where modern invention has added to real comfort, as in the matter of lighting, heat and the like, yet every such appliance be adopted; but not a mere or a gaugie to a mere gaudy, or humbug of a room. Within certain bounds and where the "propriety" of the picture is considered, the question lies against a graceful imitation of antiquity, especially where massive irregularity and general freedom remind one of manorial halls. Not long since I visited the new house of a friend, and was delighted to find myself in a modern but pleasant, wainscoted, on every side with capacious and with all the luxuries to correspond: it is impossible to describe the air of warm homeliness which this conferred on everything in the room. Every thing was in keeping, and the whole full. "Ay, sir, easier, this is a very sweet spot."

GOING TO PARIS.—The palace are actively fortifying and will soon be in a state of complete defence of Paris. A majority of them are kept for lodging services, the principal guard being Compromise. Not less than thirteen fashionably-dressed girls, and nearly twice that number of the evil sort, were passed upon a few nights since by the guardians. The mistress of the establishment called it a *Bal de la Redoute*, or a club of the sisterhood, or something of the kind; but this is not true. Would not be true, if any such kind of chance are permitted in Paris, and the laws are extremely stringent against every species of gaming.

A STRANGE ANIMAL.—Col. Fremont has recently discovered in Oregon Citizen an animal of a strange animal, which his party succeeded in capturing, after a three days' chase, in the neighborhood of Grand Ronde. After examining the body of Col. Fremont's party, by a merchant in St. Louis, he found it to be a species of the rhinoceros, with every particular, except that it is considerably covered with a close curly wool, somewhat resembling that in color and the fineness of its texture. It has no mane, and its tail is like an elephant's. The animal possesses wonderful agility, leaping over obstructions ten feet high with all ease.

A PARENT'S WEALTH.—A gentleman of Washington City called at the White House a few days since, accompanied by his family, consisting of three sons and six daughters, to pay his respects to President Taylor. They were received very kindly, and after passing a few words each, he introduced to the father and remarked: "Sir, you are a rich man—a nation's strength consists in the number of its people, and a parent's wealth in the number of his children." This is a remark worthy of a student of law.

THE METHODIST CHURCH PROPERTY QUESTION.—We learn that the Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the first in relation, has unanimously passed a resolution authorizing and recommending that the property question, in dispute between the Northern and Southern branches of the Church, be submitted to arbitration. Should the other Annual Conferences follow the example, and it seems to be generally expected that they will, the constitutional difficulty will be removed.

CALVIN'S CHURCH.—A traveller in Switzerland writes from Geneva that the old church of Calvin, where Calvin preached—the very sound board of the pulpit from which he thundered forth his doctrines with the Reformers—is still in a green old age. It is now the principal church in Geneva, and twelve pastors of the city officiate in its pulpit by turns." This church is one of the greatest curiosities to all travellers who visit Geneva, and there, too, were deposited the mortal remains of Calvin.

BRILLIANT METEOR.—On the evening of the 11th ult., at Baton Rouge, a tremendous explosion took place, shaking the houses and terrifying all the city. It was attributed to an earthquake or heavy artillery by many, but the observation of others proves that it must have been occasioned by the bursting of a meteor, which descended westwardly from the zenith. The horrors for a considerable space were brilliantly illuminated.

LARGE CHEESE.—The London papers mention that the annual dues of an immense cheese, from the animal dues of a large number of cows, all of which were collected in Cheshire, England, on the 1st of March, 1837. The cheese was manufactured from the milk of seven hundred cows was used in making it, and it weighs 1,476 pounds. It is thirteen feet in circumference, four feet and a half in diameter, and eighteen inches in thickness. It was made in a mould which was built for the purpose, and is now on exhibition at Mr. Bird's, Cheshire, and was offered for and obtained a place in New York.

LAMARTINE IN WANT.—It has been frequently stated of late that M. Lamartine is in want. The Paris correspondent of the Courier, and says that M. Lamartine has a very snug fortune of about two millions of francs still left, though in a large style at Paris, rides in his own coach, and is not in danger of famishing by starvation.

PUBLICATION OF CANADA.—The official estimates of the population of the two provinces of the Canadas very nearly a million and a half of people—as nearly as official figures, 1,501,851; of whom 788,071 reside in Lower, and 713,780 in Upper Canada. The rate of increase of these colonies seems fairly two-thirds in the Provincial Parliament.

THE ISABELLE AGAIN.—Mons. Cabet, the celebrated French communist, with three hundred and fifty of his followers, and sixty-one tons of freight, their property, has arrived at St. Louis from New Orleans. They are bound for Fort Madison, a-by.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.—One of those remarkable cases of promptitude, or "*out and sight*," that have occurred at intervals in the confusion of all human speculation in every age of the world, has just been brought to our knowledge in this city. The daughter of a highly respectable family, a child of some twenty years, who has been ill of fever for some days, laid her parents in a paroxysm of delirium on Sunday evening, and her brother, who was on board the packet ship Columbia, bound to Liverpool, was to be absent twenty miles of leave, and had with him sundry presents for them, specifying among other things a pair of shawls each, and dresses, &c. for she. The vessel arrived the next, (Yesterday) morning, and the return of the brother was announced to the sister, who received the task of her marvellous improvement. When the brother entered her chamber she recognized him at once, and on the instant interrogated him concerning the presents which she sent him, and on his producing them, was declared by the doctors in every particular. See them immediately relapsed into delirium.—*Howard Daily Advertiser.*

INTERESTING REVELATION.—In a search made in Madrid among the papers appertaining to the history of Louisiana when that State was under Spanish rule, a number of papers were discovered containing many important matters throwing light on the Burr conspiracy and the conduct of Gen. Wilkinson. It is time these matters were published to the world for the benefit of those interesting facts.

HUM GUILTY.—A telegraphic despatch says that Mr. Hyde, in his trial at Annapolis, Maryland, has been found guilty and fined $1,000.

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OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

From the Saturday Evening Post from the 17th to the 24th of March.

March 17, received from

D. Vaughn	$ 2 00	*March 18.*	
Wm. H. Hart	1 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
Wm. Hamilton	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
C. D. B. Wines	2 00	J. McPherson	2 00
Wm. Hall	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
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Wm. Hall	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
S. Hart	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
Wm. Hall	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
Wm. Hall	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
J. Lynch	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
Wm. Hall	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
		March 19	
T. M. Lynch	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
W. C. W. Goodloe	1 00	Wm. H. L. Harvey	2 00
W. Hall	2 00	J. K. Hopkins	2 00
W. McClellan	2 00	J. W. Kinne	2 00
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Wm. Hall	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
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Wm. Hall	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
G. D. Irvin	2 00	A. L. Lyle	2 00
Wm. Hall	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
Wm. Hall	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
J. Lynch	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
Wm. Hall	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
G. D. Irvin	2 00	A. L. Lyle	2 00
Wm. Hall	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
Wm. Hall	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
G. D. Irvin	2 00	A. L. Lyle

Selected Poetry.

HOPELESS LOVE.

BY AMELIA B. WELBY.

The trembling waves beneath the moonlit quiver,
Reflecting back the lustre of the stars;
The soon look down upon the still, bright river,
And smile to see themselves in golden bars.
Sweet songs are heard to gush from joyous hearts,
The lightly dancing footsteps of the gay,
And many pressure find in amid the throngs,
And all around is happy—all but me!

And yet, I cannot banish thoughts of thee;
Whether I see the pale, with fadeless beauty,
Or hear the music of the sweet nightingale,
Sky and bye quiver, and the tear-drops come;
Thou art mingled in the love-current of my soul,
To wash the dreamy waters as they flow,
And lay me down beneath the fragrant turf,
That drops its blossoms when the west winds blow

Oh! there is one on whom sweet fate I cast—
One angel-being 'mid the luminous bend,
Who in the evening's lonely scenes can wander
Amid the dark-eyed daughters of the land!
Her step is lighter where such beauty throngs,
Her song is strongest 'mid their songs of glee;
Her smile is brightest, and her heart is lightest—
Long lightly up their dark embankments!

Youth, wealth and fame are mine—all that mortals
Have sometimes striven for, are their choicest treasures
Strew'n in my path as fate, and smiling glances
Pick up to me on whom sweet fate I cast—
Oh! I would give youth, beauty, fame and splendor,
My all of bliss—my every hope—
To wake in that young heart one feeling of love!
Her step is lighter where such beauty throngs,

In this sweet solitude the sunny wander
Hath smiled to life light sleepers, and fairy elves:
The rosebuds by their crimson lips upturn,
And the green leaves are whispering to themselves:
The silver, fleet starlight on the blue waves, who,
And filled with silver waves, the north wind blows;
The purple shadows load the blue heavens,
And fragrant blossoms fringe the apple bough.

Yet, I am rich with love and melancholy,
My limbs are heavy with the drooping sorrow;
Love summons home me—summons soft and holy
And oh, my lips bury murmuring, murmuring out
I hear the voices of those exile, sweet heaven,
The birds' soft element, and the voices of all;
Oh, I am sick in this lone land of dreams!
My soul is weary—weary of time, all!
Yet had I that sweet form, on which I ponder,
To throne for me within this Eden home,
That lip to sweetly murmur when I wander,
That cheek to softly dimple when I rose,
How sweet would glide my days to those dear bowers,
For from the world and all its heartless throngs!
How fleet my footsteps, and the music, or flow!
I'd make her home wondrous with my songs!

Ah me! I mark'd beautiful scenes since filled my eyes,
And dreams of fame could then my heart enthrall,
And joy and bliss seemed to shower on me;
But all these blissful hopes now blighted—all!
Oh! I am sick of earth—sick of its cares!
No opening footstep echoes mine in glee!
Oh, I am weary in this land of dreams!
I long—I sigh amid them all—all am!

Sketches of Travel.

SKETCHES OF A VISIT TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. K. TOWNSEND, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF A "NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS" &c.

Early in February I visited the island of Kauai. This is one of the leeward islands, and is at the distance of about a day's sail from Oahu. The brig *Avon*, owned by my friend Mr. Jones, the American Consul, was sent to this island, and I was kindly offered a passage. On Kauai but two white families reside, these being missionaries. There is no town on the island, properly so called; but it is sprinkled all over with little native villages, which present a very picturesque appearance. My object in this visit was to explore the island for about five or six days, and return at the end of that time to Oahu in the same vessel, which was to make a second trip. I met passengers on my arrival, of a large native house near the beach, furnished me by Captain Hinckley, the commander of the brig, who also left with me a native man as cook and sailor de chambre. The next morning, to my surprised, I was visited by the King and two of his favorite chiefs. He informed me that he had come to the island several days previously, and intended remaining for a few weeks longer. He and his companions were on horseback; they were sitting on large Mexican saddles, having heavy wooden stirrups, and each horseman carried a long lance, or assault lance, used, long in battle and war-bow. The King informed me that one of the objects of his visit was to enjoy the sport of hunting wild cattle, which abound on the hills, and in the forests here, and that they had procured their horses for a few days on the head of my arrival, and had lost no time in calling to pay his respects. This I thought very kind, and quite respectful, considering that he was a King. On leaving, which he did in a few minutes, he remarked that I was not well attended, and left with me one of his own body servants, saying, that in the afternoon he would order some persons included to my domicile.

I was soon after called upon by the Rev. Mr. Gulick, the missionary of this station, who insisted upon my leaving the poor increment which I occupied, and making his house my home during my stay. This I at length determined to do, the good missionary promising to furnish me with a native house in the vicinity of his dwelling, as a sanction sanctorum, in which to prepare and deposit my specimens of Natural History.

In the afternoon two natives called at my cottage with a hand-cart filled with specimens of various kinds; the present which the King had presented. There were a very large hog, three pigs, three or four turkeys, and several pairs of chickens, all living, with vegetables of several kinds, fruits, sweet potatoes, melons, &c. One of the more informal me, in broken English, that the King had sent them to the *haoles* (strangers) who had just arrived, and directed him to say, that in two days he would send as much more. His Majesty must have thought the *haoles* a huge gastronomer; but, as I had determined to accept the invitation of the kind monarch, I concluded to enjoy to-morrow the sumptuous order.

I spent my time very agreeably at this island, in collecting the treasures and beautiful objects of Natural History which abounded on it, and I was most hospitably and kindly entertained by the family of the excellent missionary. After I had been here about four days, he sent me a heavy South-West wind sprung up, blowing steadily towards Oahu, in consequence of which the brig could not leave the island for range, and I was compelled to remain a prisoner on Kauai. Under some other circumstances, this detention would not have been irksome; but I had made provision for only a few days' stay, and in a very short time all my ammunition, prizes for preserving specimens, &c., were exhausted, and it was impossible to obtain supplies of those indispensable articles here. So the only alternative was to submit to fate with so good a grace as possible, and spend the remainder of my forced stay in collecting plants, shells, and such other matters as the island afforded.

Instead of five days, I remained five weeks on the island; and, making allowance for the impossibility of preparing the beautiful birds which abounded on it, I spent the time very pleasantly. My treatment in the house of the good missionary was kind and hospitable and cordial, and when I bade adieu to him and his interesting family, I experienced considerations very near akin to those which I felt on quitting, for the first time, the home of my childhood.

The King was of course, in the same predicament as myself, and was detained by adverse winds and calms, and I was glad to find that he was compelled to put back after making the attempt. His Majesty soon became weary of hunting the wild cattle, and after the negotiation of a treaty, which gladly have included in his own favor, he accordingly stayed it; but like his royal brother of olden time, the winds and the waves refused obedience to his behests, and, King as he was, he was compelled to bide his time. He was observed soon to become impatient and exceedingly fretful, pacing, like an ill-tempered cur, at all who approached him; and after the expiration of three or four weeks, although his people swore in every way to amuse him, he became so petulant and irritable, that his best friends began to approach him. Like all uneducated people, natives found it hard to control their feelings, and he soon found himself left to himself with the pale shades of his ships arrived and sent him and his chiefs down away. His joy was then as extravagant as had been his grief before.

Among the soldiers of the Sandwich Islands, I have omitted to mention several articles of which the natives are extremely fond. Some are an animals of various kinds; the *Echeneis*, or Sea Hedgehog, a large crustal animal of the size of a man's fist, covered with sharp spines four or five inches in length; and the black, fish, sometimes called *Rock Cod*, or *Cod* by the French, who use ship-loads of it in the manufacture of some of the soups for which they are so celebrated. Both these animals are in Kamchatka Bay, and is universally known by the name of "Cod's Head." It is about an inch and a half in length, and when it has been stripped off by visitors, who have been in the habit for years of carrying away portions of it as relics.

At the distance of about a mile from the shore, and parallel with it, there is a coral reef or monument, erected in 1825, by Lord Byron, Commander of His Britannic Majesty's frigate "*Blonde*," to Captain Cook. It consists of a simple red-cedar post, with a brass plate affixed to it, on which is a short inscription. This although usually called "Cook's Tomb," is nothing but an exceedingly simple monument. It does not contain the remains of Cook, and the English Government would of course have selected a more honorable place in Westminster Abbey.

It is well known that after the death of Cook, the islands of Sandwich were visited by regard in the supernaturalist murder, heartily Hawaiians as they are called, and were persuaded by our captain to take their wives with them. When they embarked, they were accompanied by several of the principal chiefs, and with them was a native boy, the child Jesse squire into the face of the mastmaster, while the long natives were crowded on the beach, and the spectators *vogue Malone*.

The Rev. Mr. Bingham, of Marsh we set sail in our brig to return to the North American coast, taking with us about thirty Sandwich Islanders, to assist us in the fur trade, and to serve as a Salmon Fishery. Six of these natives, or Kanakas, as they are called, were permitted